









**LAFFLE and CO., Designers and Manufacturers of High-class Furniture. The largest and most convenient Furnishing Establishment in the world. - Tottenham Court-road and Finsbury.**







I strongly recommend all who suffer from Indigestion, Liver Complaint to give it a trial. I saw one Medicine and supplying two Oil to my wife, having ten years had circulation in the thick part of my thigh, which has been nearly always cold, since cessation of drinking and smoking.

**I FEEL GREATLY RELIEVED**

and believe it will, in a very short time, quite restore me to health. I shall always keep the FRANKLIN FLOWER in my medicine chest.

Every one who wishes to keep in good health should use SEQUAK OIL, SEQUAK'S FRANKLIN FLOWER, and SEQUAK'S INSTANT RELIEF. The best Franklin Flower is sold everywhere.



**The Communist Government for**

Influenza bro  
north and man

and at Brest, John Fitzgibbon, labourer, was arrested at the Tavera. A report was made of the founding of a mile from the town of Brest. The Exchange Major-General succeeded Major-General of the American and Queenstown having encountered which, Troy, Ireland, arrived and took up the Secretary's Lodge for a London. A despatch Prince stating the proposition left Jamaica. The Journal French at Cork, an article the Emperor William killed Panama. St. Andrew, the accidental with a very at William B. Lower Marsh Hospital. On work on a scaffold to the ground, a fatal accident, workmen were a man named the road, and fatal injuries, Major-General Trade Inspector new shafts in the lifting, &c., in operations for Patrick C. working at (G.E.R.) was his arm was run before the train took to the ground necessary at Nenah.

charged with the murder of  
Connell, at Bournemouth, in  
September. Two  
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At the T inst., Alexan charged the K. K. K. Klan, an 18, out of her father's gave a rem journeys ab and among was Paris, Kurrachee, they purcha managed. who acted as on the cham who visited examined, the prosecu She was b this countr

keeps her mind is not sure. situated at Jewish Drais and sung in During the in Paris four Paris before she met at a She arranged knowledge to the she was going 23rd May. Paris that own free will. When the saloon bar Kahn and on the pro- gested that proper life. a salary, b Afterwards home, which #135. After of opinion bring before obstacles in ant would



center's agency and  
communication from the Brazilian  
Legation for publication:—Rio de Janeiro,  
December 12.—The Governor and Vice-  
Governor of the State of Rio de Janeiro  
having resigned their functions, Admiral  
Balthazar da Silva assumed the govern-  
ment. Order has been restored.—(Signed)—  
Fernando Lobo, Minister of Foreign Affairs.

At the Mansion House on the 11th, the Lord  
Mayor presented the medallions and cer-  
tificates of the St. John Ambulance Associa-  
tion awarded to the members of the City  
police force.

**GRATEFUL & COMFORTING.**  
**EPSON'S**  
**GRANULATED**  
**COCOA**  
**NEEDS ONLY BOILING WATER ON MILK.**  
**HAVE YOU TRIED**  
**DESSERTED SOUP**  
**"TOMATO."**  
By simply boiling this Preparation in water from twenty  
to thirty minutes, a Full Flavored "TOMATO" SOUP  
containing all the most Agreeable properties of  
Fresh Tomato.

**PURE, HEALTHFUL, DELICIOUS.**  
Cookery Book sent free on Application to F. KING and CO.,  
Limited, 210 & 212, CANAL STREET, LONDON.

**MORLICK'S MALTED MILK.**  
MORLICK'S CHEAPEST AND BEST FOOD  
MALTED MILK. FOR INFANTS, INVALIDS,  
AND THE AGED.  
MORLICK'S MALTED MILK. NOT TO BE COOKED.  
MORLICK'S MALTED MILK. NO MILK TO BE ADDED.  
MORLICK'S MALTED MILK. SIMPLY TO BE DISSOLVED IN  
WATER.  
MORLICK'S MALTED MILK. OF ALL CREMISTS.  
MORLICK'S MALTED MILK. Price, 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and 11s. per  
Bottle.  
MORLICK'S MALTED MILK. CAN BE USED WITH MEDICAL  
PRESCRIPTION.  
MORLICK'S MALTED MILK. 1 Yea on Application to  
MALTED MILK CO.,  
25, KING W. HILL, LONDON, E.C.

**LADIES!**  
WE WILL SEND  
A FULL DRESS LENGTH OF NEW WINTER  
DRESS MATERIALS.  
BEAUTIFUL CLOTHES for 6s. and 10s. (including a Verriable Waist,  
in any of the following Colours, Carriage Pair to each  
addressed to:—100, 6d., 1s., 2s., 3s., 4s., 5s., 6s., 7s., 8s., 9s., 10s., 11s., 12s., 13s., 14s., 15s., 16s., 17s., 18s., 19s., 20s., 21s., 22s., 23s., 24s., 25s., 26s., 27s., 28s., 29s., 30s., 31s., 32s., 33s., 34s., 35s., 36s., 37s., 38s., 39s., 40s., 41s., 42s., 43s., 44s., 45s., 46s., 47s., 48s., 49s., 50s., 51s., 52s., 53s., 54s., 55s., 56s., 57s., 58s., 59s., 60s., 61s., 62s., 63s., 64s., 65s., 66s., 67s., 68s., 69s., 70s., 71s., 72s., 73s., 74s., 75s., 76s., 77s., 78s., 79s., 80s., 81s., 82s., 83s., 84s., 85s., 86s., 87s., 88s., 89s., 90s., 91s., 92s., 93s., 94s., 95s., 96s., 97s., 98s., 99s., 100s., 101s., 102s., 103s., 104s., 105s., 106s., 107s., 108s., 109s., 110s., 111s., 112s., 113s., 114s., 115s., 116s., 117s., 118s., 119s., 120s., 121s., 122s., 123s., 124s., 125s., 126s., 127s., 128s., 129s., 130s., 131s., 132s., 133s., 134s., 135s., 136s., 137s., 138s., 139s., 140s., 141s., 142s., 143s., 144s., 145s., 146s., 147s., 148s., 149s., 150s., 151s., 152s., 153s., 154s., 155s., 156s., 157s., 158s., 159s., 160s., 161s., 162s., 163s., 164s., 165s., 166s., 167s., 168s., 169s., 170s., 171s., 172s., 173s., 174s., 175s., 176s., 177s., 178s., 179s., 180s., 181s., 182s., 183s., 184s., 185s., 186s., 187s., 188s., 189s., 190s., 191s., 192s., 193s., 194s., 195s., 196s., 197s., 198s., 199s., 200s., 201s., 202s., 203s., 204s., 205s., 206s., 207s., 208s., 209s., 210s., 211s., 212s., 213s., 214s., 215s., 216s., 217s., 218s., 219s., 220s., 221s., 222s., 223s., 224s., 225s., 226s., 227s., 228s., 229s., 230s., 231s., 232s., 233s., 234s., 235s., 236s., 237s., 238s., 239s., 240s., 241s., 242s., 243s., 244s., 245s., 246s., 247s., 248s., 249s., 250s., 251s., 252s., 253s., 254s., 255s., 256s., 257s., 258s., 259s., 260s., 261s., 262s., 263s., 264s., 265s., 266s., 267s., 268s., 269s., 270s., 271s., 272s., 273s., 274s., 275s., 276s., 277s., 278s., 279s., 280s., 281s., 282s., 283s., 284s., 285s., 286s., 287s., 288s., 289s., 290s., 291s., 292s., 293s., 294s., 295s., 296s., 297s., 298s., 299s., 300s., 301s., 302s., 303s., 304s., 305s., 306s., 307s., 308s., 309s., 310s., 311s., 312s., 313s., 314s., 315s., 316s., 317s., 318s., 319s., 320s., 321s., 322s., 323s., 324s., 325s., 326s., 327s., 328s., 329s., 330s., 331s., 332s., 333s., 334s., 335s., 336s., 337s., 338s., 339s., 340s., 341s., 342s., 343s., 344s., 345s., 346s., 347s., 348s., 349s., 350s., 351s., 352s., 353s., 354s., 355s., 356s., 357s., 358s., 359s., 360s., 361s., 362s., 363s., 364s., 365s., 366s., 367s., 368s., 369s., 370s., 371s., 372s., 373s., 374s., 375s., 376s., 377s., 378s., 379s., 380s., 381s., 382s., 383s., 384s., 385s., 386s., 387s., 388s., 389s., 390s., 391s., 392s., 393s., 394s., 395s., 396s., 397s., 398s., 399s., 400s., 401s., 402s., 403s., 404s., 405s., 406s., 407s., 408s., 409s., 410s., 411s., 412s., 413s., 414s., 415s., 416s., 417s., 418s., 419s., 420s., 421s., 422s., 423s., 424s., 425s., 426s., 427s., 428s., 429s., 430s., 431s., 432s., 433s., 434s., 435s., 436s., 437s., 438s., 439s., 440s., 441s., 442s., 443s., 444s., 445s., 446s., 447s., 448s., 449s., 450s., 451s., 452s., 453s., 454s., 455s., 456s., 457s., 458s., 459s., 460s., 461s., 462s., 463s., 464s., 465s., 466s., 467s., 468s., 469s., 470s., 471s., 472s., 473s., 474s., 475s., 476s., 477s., 478s., 479s., 480s., 481s., 482s., 483s., 484s., 485s., 486s., 487s., 488s., 489s., 490s., 491s., 492s., 493s., 494s., 495s., 496s., 497s., 498s., 499s., 500s., 501s., 502s., 503s., 504s., 505s., 506s., 507s., 508s., 509s., 510s., 511s., 512s., 513s., 514s., 515s., 516s., 517s., 518s., 519s., 520s., 521s., 522s., 523s., 524s., 525s., 526s., 527s., 528s., 529s., 530s., 531s., 532s., 533s., 534s., 535s., 536s., 537s., 538s., 539s., 540s., 541s., 542s., 543s., 544s., 545s., 546s., 547s., 548s., 549s., 550s., 551s., 552s., 553s., 554s., 555s., 556s., 557s., 558s., 559s., 560s., 561s., 562s., 563s., 564s., 565s., 566s., 567s., 568s., 569s., 570s., 571s., 572s., 573s., 574s., 575s., 576s., 577s., 578s., 579s., 580s., 581s., 582s., 583s., 584s., 585s., 586s



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**DATE.**  
 preceding Christmas  
**TICKETS**, available  
 to 25th and for return  
 addition to Ordinary  
 Victoria, Battersea,  
 (Addison-road), Ux-  
 bridge Bus, and West-  
 minster Office, viz.:

St. James's Street, Holborn  
West Street, 220, Strand,  
London Bridge, E.  
The Friars, 67, Great  
St. and S. C. Company's  
Chancery Square to Bath,  
via Exeter, Torquay,  
also to the Yeovil and  
STATIONS WEST OF  
BATH. The tickets will be  
between December 18th

at 11.45 a.m. from Pad-  
mised Branch. The  
to Plymouth will be  
2. The 6.30 p.m. from  
ster, calling at Weston,  
Taunton, Wellington,  
at 11.55 p.m., and will  
Barnstaple Branch.  
Paddington at 10.0 p.m.  
ations between Swindon  
income to

Sunday trains will run, run as on week days except on week days. The train will run direct and without

Returning to London on  
lines will be run in the  
NSEA, and WOLVER-  
hampton Stations.  
Will obtainable at the  
RT, General Manager.

**CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY**  
 From London to the West of  
 Plymouth, the Somerset  
 or Poole, Bournemouth,  
 and Brix, 25th, and 25th  
 and Dorset Stations on  
 up to and including 25th  
 1914 from Waterloo and  
 25th, and 25th December,  
 in or boat for 14 days.  
 It will leave Waterloo

Trains will leave Waterloo at 4:45 p.m. The 60 passengers to Barnstable, Devon Stations, also to N. H. A SPECIAL RATE 35c. Kensington 8:5 p.m., 11:15 p.m. South and North is issued by this train. Waterloo will convey and Weymouth. Waterloo at 11:45 p.m. Winchester, Southleigh, Barnstable, Weymouth.

**AL TRAIN** will leave  
at 8:30 a.m. and  
at 1:30 p.m. The 8:30 a.m. train  
will be the last train  
of the day. Additional trains  
will be run from  
December 22, and are hand-  
led by the South  
from the office of the  
General Manager.

**CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.**  
TRAM and MOORGATE—  
the issue of tickets all  
Thursday, December 22nd,  
principal stations on the  
connection can also be  
BY OFFICES:  
Grand Street, Central

Birmingham Court-road.  
One-square.  
Cap. & Camden-road.  
No Office, 20 Silver-street,  
tling Mill Gate.  
's Office, 1A, Fensville-  
d.  
anon-street.  
dergate-street.  
Commercial-road.  
Square St. Camille-et

Day the trains will run  
the Newspaper Express  
will run to Leicester.

**W.—CHRISTMAS AND  
HOLIDAYS.**  
On 25th, tickets will be  
required, at King's Cross,  
St. Pancras, and St. Luke's Hill,  
St. Mary's Park, the various

and at the Offices of Swan  
Piccadilly Circus.

Prizes will be run to meet  
at 10.40 p.m. Expresses  
at Newcastle, Edinburgh,  
arrived in November Time  
to leave London (King's  
Cross, Stevenage, Hitchin,  
Huntingdon, Peterborough,  
Lincoln, Nottingham,  
Sheffield, Leeds, Bradford,  
Ayr, Newcastle.

will run as on Sundays, from King's Cross will Stamford, Moura, Grant, Kettford, Hawtry, Don-  
ald, Halifax, stopping at  
as it ordinarily calls, and  
le, Edinburgh, Glasgow,  
O SCOTLAND.  
DAY, 30th DECEMBER,  
erwick, Edinburgh, and

12.1. 7.30 p.m., Lodge  
 Farrington S.S., King's  
 5 p.m., Passengers by the  
 7.30 a.m., or Thursday. Sit  
 tion on 20th December,  
 7.30 a.m.,  
**A SINGLE FARE FOR**  
 to be issued to places  
 day within eight days,  
 to be obtained at the  
 Offices and Stations; and  
 Charles Jones, and 21

**CHRISTMAS and NEW  
SCOTLAND.**—Thursday,  
Days, and on Wednesday,  
s, from St. PANCRA and  
wick, Dumfries, Castle  
ch, Glasgow, Ayr, and

**ARRANGEMENTS.—LONDON  
COAST RAILWAY.—ALL**  
issued on December 23rd,  
the Return Journey by  
and class up to and includ-

**THE TRAINS.**—A Special p.m., and London Bridge Min. for Brighton, Lewes, and Worthing, Chichester, and 3rd Class.)  
Bridge 2.30 a.m. (Both for and Med Hill Junction (lat.

**BOXING DAY, Saturday,**  
from Victoria 8.50 a.m.,  
Minton (Addison-road) 8.00  
Cross 8.55 a.m., calling at  
East Croydon. Return  
Minton, and Brighton Central  
each, Three Shillings.

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**AS SPECIAL ATTRA-**  
**CTION—FREQUENT TRAINS**  
Cross, Victoria, Battersea

by the traffic.

**CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.**  
**EXTENSION OF TIME** for  
 the Return Tickets issued  
 heading Junction. Mythe,  
 Folkestone, Dover, Lydd,  
 Bils.

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**THE TRAIN** to Chislehurst,  
 Hastings, Ashford, Folke-  
 stone and Margate, leaving  
 Jersey 11.5 a.m. Cannon  
 Street.

will run, but the Ordinary  
mine will be withdrawn  
run to and from London.  
Services as usual.  
-Hills, Esq.

100,000,000















**EGS, SORES, ULCERS, AND  
OLD WOUNDS.**

Price 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d. per Pot.

will procure R. Wholesale of all London Houses  
desiring this paper it will be sent post free from  
CO. Chemists, Truro.



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HOMOPATHIC IN SIZE.  
ALLOPATHIC IN ACTION.  
SMALL SIZE, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.  
Purely Vegetable, and does not grip or purge, but by their gentle  
action purges the bowels.  
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS, IN AND







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THOUSANDS OF BOTTLES OF  
MARVELLOUS MEDICINE  
GIVEN AWAY EVERY YEAR

I have made a life-long study of the diseases of the human system, and I have found that I do not mean merely to stop them but to have them return again, I mean a cure. I have known my remedy to cure cases. Because others have failed to cure, so remedy why you should continue to use it. I have known my remedy to cure cases of Medicine and it costs you nothing for it. IT WILL CURE!

M. & CO. 15, ENDLEIGH GATE,  
SUFFOLK-ROAD, LONDON, E.

LUXURIANT HAIR,  
LONG FLOWING TRESSSES OF  
HAIR ARE QUICKLY PRODUCED  
BY THE USE OF

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**THE MOST FEMALE ON EARTH.** For the  
 name CHAM will not insure the  
 extra-CHAM, INSTITUTE, 10, 11,  
 (opposite St. Andrew's Church), London.  
 (see stamp paid envelope for proofs and list)

**MADAM FRAIN'S, M.D., F.R.C.**  
**FEMALE MIXTURE.**

The following to be seen at any time  
 marked envelope:-

"The Grove, Felling, Devon."  
 "Dear Madam Frain—You will please  
 to send me some Pills and Mixture.  
 After taking them I feel much better  
 active—again thanking you Madam Frain  
 really very grateful, and I am sure  
 second, and wish to thank you for  
 Madam's kind advice, I remain, yours  
 truly, J. H. G."

"Chur-chane, Alderobot, Hants Perc  
Dear Madam Frin, I have taken  
the misters, and Was At Six  
Yours truly,

"Mackinstreet, Chelsea, London  
December 17th

"Dear Madam - I am pleased to say  
Madame, as Fille here ALWAYS re-  
fects - Yours truly,

I will FORGET £100 for each of  
Genuine--MADAME FRIN, M.D.

FESTIVELY  
HAPPY  
FIRESTRETCH  
BEAUTIFUL

EDWARDS' EDWA

**"HARVEY"**  
WORLD-BEING  
PRODUCTION  
FOR THE  
**"HARLANE"**  
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THAT'S WHAT

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to the man-  
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BIRMINGHAM  
preparation.

**MAIL.**

RYELANDS,  
GREEN HATFIELD,  
CROOKED, N.  
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792, 793, 794, 795, 796,  
797, 798, 799, 800, 801,  
802, 803, 804, 805, 806,  
807, 808, 809, 810,

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Prescriptive List of Remedies



## THE PEARL CASE.

(Continued from page 9.)

returned on February 9th, and subsequently the plaintiff called on him. He had reason to remember the 19th of February because the day before the large show-room had been cleared out for spring cleanings, and the 19th was his birthday. He had some friends stopping with him at his house in the country, and arrived rather late at business. He heard that Miss Elliott had to wait some time before she saw him, and he saw her in the "evening show-room," a gas-lighted apartment. The witness had no memorandum of the visit, in the course of which he showed her new materials, dresses, and sketches, and gave her ideas as to what she should purchase. Witness had to do with the bride and bridesmaid's dresses, travelling dresses, morning and evening gowns, &c. It was a conversational interview, and nothing was then decided upon, but he remembered Miss Elliott wanted something quite out of the common for the bridesmaid's dresses, and would not have jackets. She was with him about three-quarters of an hour, and the visit must have been between 12.15 and 1.15. Madame Pauncelot's was close to his place of business. The order for the dresses came the following week. He believed the dress Miss Elliott wore on the 19th was the one produced in court on the previous day. She was wearing a small hat, and he thought it was a sequin-headed without a brim. The account in respect of the wedding dresses was 4.19.1. By Sir E. Clarke: As a rule the spring cleaning of the particular show-room referred to occupied one day, but on this occasion it took two days. He had not seen Miss Elliott many times before this visit. Witness got to business at 11.15, and then had to go to the office. Miss Elliott was not there when he arrived. He thought that some one came into his office and informed him that Miss Elliott wanted to see him, and it was then that she had to wait some time. Sir E. Russell produced the fawn hat spoken of previously, but witness said he thought she wore even smaller one on the 19th. Agnes Fluck stated that in February she was employed at Pauncelot's. She had to make some of the dresses for the trousseau. She remembered the page boy from The Boltons bringing a box with some things on the 19th of February, between 11 and 12 a.m. After dinner, which was taken at 1 o'clock, Miss Elliott came and had some conversation with witness with regard to the orders. Madame Pauncelot was still at dinner, and when Miss Elliott had been speaking to witness for about ten minutes, she went to fetch Madame Pauncelot, but met her coming upstairs. Miss Elliott spoke to Madame Pauncelot for about five minutes, and then witness went down to the door with the plaintiff. The workgirls returned from dinner at 1 o'clock, but on this day they did not come back when Miss Elliott was present. The plaintiff was wearing a fawn-brown dress with cape to match (produced). The alterations required were made, and the goods packed the same night. She remembered at the same time packing an evening dress for a lady at Pinner, and the two parcels were despatched the next morning. Madame Pauncelot said she was not one of the plaintiffs' trousseau and on one occasion the plaintiff called about a petticoat.

THE JUDGE AND THE PETTICOAT. The judge caused some amusement by asking whether there were not two kinds of petticoats, one of which saw "the light of day."—Witness, continuing, said that would be a skirt. She remembered the page bringing back the petticoat in a box, and subsequently, while she was at dinner, Miss Elliott called, and after witness had finished her dinner she had five or six minutes' conversation with Miss Elliott, who said she had just returned from Torquay.—Mr. Lewis Coward read the evidence of Mr. J. Lettison Elliott, the grandfather of the plaintiff, taken on commission. He said he remembered having made an appointment with his granddaughter for 3.30 p.m. on February 19th. When she came into the room the library clock struck the half-hour, and he said, "How punctual you are." She remained with him certainly an hour and nearer an hour and a half. He owed her the time the sum of £500, and it was decided the money was to be paid by 4.30 a.m. and on that afternoon he wrote a cheque after banking hours, and therefore dated it the 20th, as was his custom in such a case. She left between 4.30 and 4.45.—The judge remarked that Mr. Elliott was believed, the only surviving member of the old original Athenaeum Club.

THE JUDGE AND THE PETTICOAT. Miss Jane Dashwood then called, and was examined by Mr. Matthews. She said she was staying with the Elliotts in the early part of the year, and after a visit to Hastings she returned to The Boltons on the 19th of February, a little before 5, Miss Elliott reaching the house a little later. They did not leave The Boltons again that evening, and the next morning witness went with the plaintiff to the bank in a cheque. Previously she had been to the bank to get a cheque-book for Miss Elliott. On Saturday, 21st February, a letter came from Mrs. Hargrave for the plaintiff, and in it she spoke of the loss of her pearls. By the same post some photographs arrived from Torquay. The 23rd was a very foggy day, and witness and Miss Elliott did not leave the house. The day after, Mrs. Saunders, the dressmaker, was working in the basement. Miss Elliott complained of a bad headache. Her sister was expected back on that afternoon, and she reached The Boltons about 5.30. Her nurse came back with her; she had had typhoid fever. Mr. Elliott came home that afternoon with a box for the theatre, but did not go, she being unwell. Cross-examined: She stayed at The Boltons until June last. Miss Elliott was not in the habit of showing witness her private letters, but she saw those from Mrs. Hargrave. There were other foggy days besides the 19th, when the witness did not leave the house. By Mr. Charles Russell: She mentioned, because she referred to the loss of the pearls. The 19th was so foggy that on the return from the theatre the cab went down a wrong road, and the horse ran into the railings.

THE JUDGE AND THE PETTICOAT. Mrs. Saunders, who was dressing at The Boltons on February 19th, said that her work-table was near the window, and she saw Miss Elliott go out about 3 o'clock. Speaking to witness in the evening the plaintiff said she had been to Whittingham's and Pauncelot's, and that the former had some lovely things. She was also at The Boltons on Monday, the 23rd, and arrived there at 1 o'clock. It was so foggy that she had to wait a long time before she saw him. She remained there until 7 p.m. She went into the kitchen at 11.45, and coming out some time later saw the plaintiff coming down the stairs with Miss Dashwood.—The judge: I won't have any one sketching, and (looking hard at a member of the junior bar, who was taking notes) I think I see some one sketching now.—Sir Charles Russell: I won't have it; it is so likely to disturb a witness.—Continuing her evidence, witness said she was working at Mrs. Hargrave's at Torquay, in August, 1890, and it was then said a ring was lost—a broad gold one. She heard the matter talked about in the house, and Mrs. Hargrave said she had left it on the drawing-room mantelpiece. Inquiry was made of the servants, and the place was searched. Avant and Miss Amy Hargrave subsequently told her where it was found. On

another occasion at Torquay witness was admiring Mrs. Hargrave's jewellery, and Mrs. Hargrave said, "I have lost a pearl worth a king's ransom."—Sir C. Russell: Probably that was a slight exaggeration.—Sir E. Clarke: It depends on the value of the king.—The witness, continuing, said that as she was at The Boltons when Mrs. Hargrave was there she remarked, "Did you lose it when you were at The Boltons?" and she replied, "Oh, no, since." Another time when she was dressing Mrs. Hargrave at the Hotel Victoria, London, in November, 1890, witness asked her if she had found her pearls. She replied she had not, and added, "I lost my beautiful brooch just before leaving Collingwood." Witness, in cross-examination, said she heard that the broad gold ring belonged to Mr. Engleheart.—By Sir C. Russell: She had no feeling against Mrs. Hargrave and only wished to speak the truth.—Miss Evelyn Gertrude Elliott, examined by Mr. Coward, said she was the youngest sister of the plaintiff. She turned from Hastings on February 23rd, and the train was very late, owing to the fog.—Did you ever hear Major Hargrave say anything with reference to the "off"?—Yes, when he was visiting us in 1890, he said, "I would commit any crime for money." I heard him say it more than once.—Cross-examined: She had also heard him say it in Devonshire. It was quite a common expression of his. The pecuniary position of her brother was not under discussion when the remark was made at The Boltons. His position in this respect was good at the time. She (witness) made him a present of £300 just before her sister's marriage.—By Sir C. Russell: Like her sister, she sold out stock for the purpose.—The judge: I cannot do this expression, as I cannot remember. Probably Major Hargrave was talking of money matters.—By Sir C. Russell: The hats which she and her sister had alike were large green ones trimmed with brown feathers and green velvet. Witness wore hers on the journey home from Hastings. Her sister had rather broad-brimmed hats.—Sir C. Russell: It seems all right (laughter).—Witness further stated that in February she was employed at Pauncelot's. She had to make some of the dresses for the trousseau. She remembered the page boy from The Boltons bringing a box with some things on the 19th of February, between 11 and 12 a.m. After dinner, which was taken at 1 o'clock, Miss Elliott came and had some conversation with witness with regard to the orders. Madame Pauncelot was still at dinner, and when Miss Elliott had been speaking to witness for about ten minutes, she went to fetch Madame Pauncelot, but met her coming upstairs. Miss Elliott spoke to Madame Pauncelot for about five minutes, and then witness went down to the door with the plaintiff. The workgirls returned from dinner at 1 o'clock, but on this day they did not come back when Miss Elliott was present. The plaintiff was wearing a fawn-brown dress with cape to match (produced). The alterations required were made, and the goods packed the same night. She remembered at the same time packing an evening dress for a lady at Pinner, and the two parcels were despatched the next morning. Madame Pauncelot said she was not one of the plaintiffs' trousseau and on one occasion the plaintiff called about a petticoat.

CROSS-EXAMINATION. He was called to the bar in 1837, and his usual time for getting at the Temple varied (laughter)—sometimes eleven and sometimes twelve o'clock. Witness had never heard of Spink's shop until Mr. Engleheart told him it. He told Mr. Spink that he was a barrister, and that there was a law that would punish reckless charges such as that. This was said after Mr. Spink had remarked that he thought he identified the plaintiff as the lady who sold the jewels. The bank clerk said he did not think the plaintiff was the lady, but as he considered it his duty, he first pointed out the mistake, and then, being perhaps prejudiced, witness thought that there would be more satisfaction if the matter was fully cleared up. That was why he asked his sister to stand up.

A SOLICITOR'S EVIDENCE. Mr. T. Hay, solicitor, said he was one of the trustees of the marriage settlement of the father and mother of the plaintiff. When the mother died the children had £1,814 each. At that time there were four daughters and two sons. Miss Elliott received some money down, and the balance was in stock. He received instructions to sell out the stock of the plaintiff, and also £400 of Miss Evelyn's, subsequently altered to £200. It was witness who introduced the plaintiff to the 23rd February, and was involved in the allegations as to selling jewels on the 19th. Prior to an interview with the bank clerk he was led to understand that only the 19th was involved. He prepared the plaintiff's marriage settlement.

THE PEARL CASE. Mrs. Geach, sister of the plaintiff, said she was the wife of a Captain Geach, of the 4th Dragoon Guards, and lived near Tenby. She was the eldest sister, and had known the Hargraves all her life. The coolness which arose between the two families was in consequence of a scandal in Torquay concerning Mrs. Hargrave and Mr. Engleheart about six years ago. Witness's mother did not approve of her visiting the Hargraves. She was at the house on the 23rd of February, and returned to The Boltons on March 9, when Mr. Engleheart came, and on the following day accompanied her brother and sister to Spink's shop. She had only once before been in the City, to the Tower.—The court then adjourned.

THE HEARING OF THIS CASE was resumed on Friday for the fourth day.—The judge, on taking his seat, said that, in consequence of the near approach of Christmas, he would sit until 4.30, and to the same time on Saturday, thus making that a full day.—Mrs. Geach again went into the witness-box, and continued her account of what occurred at Messrs. Spink's. When the bank clerk arrived, he looked at them both very hard, and said, "It is neither of those two ladies, and certainly not the lady," (pointing to the witness). He laughed, and said Mr. Hugh Elliott who asked his sister to stand up. It was then that the bank clerk added, "I am not quite so certain; I think you are the lady, only you were differently dressed. You were a long broad-clothed cloak with a high collar and a broad hat." The plaintiff never possessed such a cloak. Witness heard the expression as to committing any crime for money. It was in Devonshire six or seven years ago, and she attached no importance to it.—By Sir E. Clarke: She stayed at The Boltons more than a month in the autumn of last year. She had been acquainted with her husband all her life. He was at one time a student at Cambridge, but he saw nothing of him after he (the witness) left Jesus College in 1882. He remembered receiving a telegram from Mr. Hugh Elliott on the 10th of March, while in Edinburgh, and he at once left for London. When he reached The Boltons he was told of the accusation, and of the appointment to see Mr. Engleheart at the club. He kept the appointment next morning, in a private room at the club. The witness refused to shake hands with Mr. Engleheart, saying, "I don't understand why you are here, or by whose authority you are acting. I think your conduct is in the extreme. You seem to be playing the part of a private detective, and I cannot conceive how you dare to take Miss Elliott's photograph to Messrs. Spink for purposes of identification." He further said before the major and his wife made some explanation, he, who knew Miss Elliott, ought to have been the first to treat the accusation with contempt. Mr. Engleheart said he was allowed to explain his conduct in regard to the visit to Spink's, and the witness was asked at table and took notes. He explained that he had taken this photograph from the hands of the Torquay police, and that he had not brought it to town to it would have been sent up to the London police; that he had endeavoured to act in the interest of both parties; and as Major Hargrave was not at Torquay he had taken the photograph to see the matter through. He then proceeded to state how the photograph had been identified, and he showed the slip of paper with "Mrs. Price, 14, Hyde Park Gardens," written upon it. Witness looked at it very closely and said, "You surely don't insinuate that this bears the slightest resemblance to Miss Elliott's hand-writing." Under the witness's direction Major and Mrs. Hargrave the moment they arrived, and Mr. Engleheart said he would ask Mrs. Hargrave whether she would see him. Witness then remarked that it was no good prolonging a painful interview, and Mr. Engleheart replied, "Surely we

may shake hands. I have throughout acceded to the interest of both parties, and I hope God may be able to prove that Miss Elliott had nothing to do with it." The witness then called upon Mr. Price, the solicitor, and accompanied by him, returned to the Hotel Victoria, where Mr. Price spoke to Mrs. Hargrave. They then went to the Naval and Military Club and Major Hargrave. The witness said he had come to gain all the information he could in the day the jewels had been sold in the City. He told the major that he was sure he could give him such information as would convince him of the impossibility of Miss Elliott being there, and proposed that he should examine for himself all her money affairs, adding that he could have the house searched from top to bottom. The major replied that he had written to witness referring him to his solicitors and he returned, "But surely you will not refuse to give me any assistance and information in your power, in order to clear Miss Elliott's name?"

YOUNG OWEN WIRRE'S COUSIN. He answered that the matter was out of his hands, and that the solicitors had better settle the matter between them. Witness asserted that his line of conduct seemed most unfair and unjust. Mr. Price remarked that he could see no reason why Major Hargrave should refuse to give the information and assistance asked for, and that he thought it was the least Major Hargrave could do. The major still repeated that the matter was out of his hands, and that he intended to do as he pleased. "If I get a written confession from Ethel Elliott that she stole the jewels, and I also get the jewels back, I will undertake to prosecute." He eventually assured any member of the Elliott family. He mentioned the 19th February in the course of the interview, but nothing was said to indicate that there was another date in question. The marriage was fixed for the 4th of April, and invitations were issued. However, a communication was made to the witness by Messrs. Wontner, and the wedding was postponed until the 5th, then taking place privately instead of the usual public ceremony. It was with the witness's concurrence that the part of the members of the family who were married.—By the Solicitor-general: Mr. Wontner knew he was going to see Major Hargrave. It was he who asked Mr. Price to accompany him; not at Mr. Wontner's suggestion. He knew nothing of Mr. Price, but took Major Hargrave might refuse to see him. The major's objection would be an awful thing. He never knew Mr. Engleheart at Torquay, but when he was stationed at Plymouth he met Mr. Engleheart at dances round about, at Falmouth and Dartmouth. He really could not remember whether he introduced Mr. Engleheart to the Elliotts.—Mr. Charles Russell: In March last he used to act for Mr. Engleheart and Major and Mrs. Hargrave with regard to certain matters, but did not act for them. He saw Mr. Hugh Elliott and Captain Osborne in the afternoon of the same day (March 19th), but was not applied to to act for the Elliotts. Referring to the interview at the Naval and Military Club, witness said he first saw Major Hargrave alone, and said that Captain Osborne was anxious to see him, but he did not think it was any use, as the matter was in the hands of Messrs. Price and the major.

IMPORTANT INFORMATION. To give with reference to Miss Elliott's connection with the matter, and the major then consented to the interview. Witness corroborated what Captain Osborne's account of what took place.—Sir E. Clarke said the facts in this particular were not in dispute.—Mr. Price, continuing, stated that Major Hargrave said very little, but remarked: "The matter must be sifted to the bottom. I can be satisfied with nothing less than the restoration of the jewels and an acknowledgment by Ethel Elliott of her guilt." No other day was mentioned as being important except the 19th.—Captain Geach, of the 4th Dragoon Guards, stated that he sold a collection of coins to Messrs. Spink in 1887 or the beginning of 1888. He never mentioned the name of Spink to any member of his wife's family.—Miss Beatrix Goldner, of 27, Braham Gardens, South Kensington, said she knew both the Elliotts and the Hargraves. On the 6th March she met Mrs. Hargrave in a shop, and she said she was up in town with regard to the loss of her jewels. Witness had heard of the loss, but had not heard Miss Elliott's name in connection with it. Witness asked Mrs. Hargrave if she had recovered the jewels, and as she appeared very excited, witness tried to change the conversation by saying that she had seen Mrs. Hargrave in the shop before. Mrs. Hargrave exclaimed, "That is the most dreadful part of the whole affair. It was she who took the jewels." Witness said, "Are you quite sure?" and she answered, "There is no doubt."

SHE CAN BE IDENTIFIED. It was Mrs. Hargrave who first introduced her to Miss Elliott at Torquay eight or nine years ago.—By Sir E. Clarke: She only went to The Boltons once from the 19th of February until March 16th, and that was when she went to tea on the 15th. On that occasion no reference was made to the loss of the jewels. Her father had told her about it before that. The witness's two cousins (Captain and Miss Houldsworth) were with her in the shop when she met Mrs. Hargrave. She probably expected to see a party with her in the shop, but she could not be explained at the time. It was Mrs. Hargrave's remark about Miss Elliott that was in reply to a question as to whether it was known who stole the jewels. It was at the request of Captain Hewitt that she wrote down the conversation, but previously the witness told her father about it. Miss Evelyn Elliott, who was the next questioner, said that Mrs. Hargrave said a private box. Mrs. Hargrave said, "Well, I suppose you have heard all this and business about Ethel Elliott; isn't it dreadful?" I am awfully upset about it to-day, and I can't tell you how the report has grieved me. I can believe it possible that Ethel could be guilty of such a dreadful crime. Are you quite sure she has taken your jewels?" She answered, "I am afraid there is not the slightest doubt about it; she has been identified by the bank and by the man to whom she sold the jewels." The witness asked, "What diamonds do you suppose she has taken?" and she replied, "The pearls, and the right mind." She was in the right mind," asked the witness, and Mrs. Hargrave said, "Yes; very much so." To the remark, "I can't understand her motive, can you?" the defendant replied, "I am afraid there must have been something very dark behind it all, and that she must have been desperate when she did it." "What do you intend to do, I suppose you will prosecute?" was the next question, and Mrs. Hargrave answered, "I hardly know what to do; you see."

DEATH OF CENTENARIANS. A Telegram reported that two women centenarians have died in that locality. One was a Mrs. Moriarty, who died at Barrow, aged 107 years. The second, Mrs. Stretton, whose age has been verified by the parish register as 106 years, died on Thursday in a Protestant almshouse at Tralee.

## SPORTS OF THE PEOPLE.

(The Events of the Week up to Thursday Night will be found in "Larry Lynn's Article.")

## FOOTBALL.

DUBLIN UNIVERSITY V. OXFORD UNIVERSITY. The Irish team played the first of three matches in Dublin on Friday morning. The Irish team was fine, the ground was in good order, and about 2,000 spectators were present. In the first half Kenny and O'Connell scored for the home side, Butler contributing one of the Irish goals. The Irish team, however, were unable to score, and Dublin University thus won by a goal and a try to nothing.

Royal Engineers v. Old Kentish.—Played at Newington, on Thursday, and resulted, after a close and interesting match, in neither side scoring. Gloucestershire v. Devonshire.—Played on Thursday, on the ground of the former, in a thick fog, who, after a closely contested game, won by two tries to all. Halifax v. Welsh Wanderers (H.L.).—Played on Thursday at the ground of the former, who won, after a fast game, by 2 goals 3 tries (11), to 1 goal 1 try (7 points).

## BILLIARDS.

W. J. PEARL V. MR. W. D. COURTNEY. The match in Catherine-street, Strand, was well attended on Thursday to witness the continuation of the series of games of 750 up, in which Pearl played Courtney. Courtney, who was the favourite of the spectators, was determined to take place in the afternoon. Courtney winning in the end by 13 points to 10. Among his breaks were 120 (37 spots), 75, 54, and 91 (20 spots), while Courtney's were 100, 54, and 91 (20 spots). On Friday afternoon Pearl made a splendid break of 274, and won the game by 230 points. In the evening Mr. Courtney proved successful by 6 points, his chief break being 101 (30 spots), while Pearl's chief break was 177 and 145.

At the Aquarium, on Friday afternoon, Dawson won by 23 points to 10. The best breaks during the day were 120, 107, 91, 54, and 131 by Dawson, and 121 by M. Hall.

## "IN THE SWIM."

BY A CITY SHARK. Owing to some considerable realisations by fortune hunters, the market for English rails has not been quite so strong, taking one day with another, as it was at the end of last week. The tone remains thoroughly good, nevertheless, a good deal of quiet investment continues to be made in the market, and the market is inclined to predict that buying of the character will become still more brisk after New Year's Day. The British investor no longer has any taste for foreign securities, his dispassionate experiences with South American bonds having warned him off that one favourite ground for playing ducks and drakes with his hard-earned savings. Nor is he in the mood for embarking in speculative securities, while even American securities to have a doubtful look. The result is to strengthen the home demand for English securities of all sorts, and among these, railway shares take a leading place. It has to be remembered, too, that very few new concerns or loans have been launched during the present year, while no good mining or other speculative schemes have been put forward. It seems certain, therefore, that the amount of money awaiting investment must be unusually large, while, as I have shown, the area of investment securities has become much narrowed. These considerations plainly point to the likelihood of a strong upward movement in the home department more particularly in the railway and canal stocks, and in the industrial undertakings. But if these go up, American rails are pretty sure to participate in the improvement to a greater or less extent. Such being my view, I necessarily follow that I adhere to my favourable opinion of English and American rails. They may not have much of a jump at present; there are too many realisations going on to render that likely. But the same might be as well put in at once, so as to be beforehand with the forecasters who usually take the cream of the milk before the outside public begin to drink. Metropolitan, Midland, Great Eastern, and South-Eastern Deferred look to be about the most promising goods on offer in the British market; the American, my fancy still clings to the New York Central, Erie, and Louisville, St. Paul, and Union Pacific. All of these have fared well since I first tipped them some weeks ago, but they will go higher still, I am not out of my reckoning. Have nothing to say to Brazilian bonds, no matter what glowing stories reach your ears. Both politically, financially, and socially, the republic is in a rotten condition, and the dictatorial policy of the present Government will be wallowing in misery like its neighbours, Argentina and Uruguay. There are far more promising openings for speculative enterprise in Central America than in South America. Of course, buying in either case has a strong element of gambling, but with good judgment and reasonable care, a select acquisition of Central American securities could offer a high rate of interest. The department is much neglected just now, but it promises to come into great vogue before long among those operators who act on the principle of "nothing venture, nothing have."

## MONEY MARKET.

Curry, Saturday. Scarcely any business is passing, and the markets are without feature. English ways very quiet. Foreign Trunks slightly active. American Railways inactive, and only very slight changes have transpired. Mexican Railways rather weaker. Foreign Bonds dull. Peruvian, firm; Spanish, weak. Mines, quiet; De Beers, strong. Latest quotations:—Consols, 95½; ditto Account 95½; 1 and 2 and Half per Cent., 95½; 3 and 4 per Cent., 95½; 5 per Cent., 95½; 6 per Cent., 95½; 7 per Cent., 95½; 8 per Cent., 95½; 9 per Cent., 95½; 10 per Cent., 95½; 11 per Cent., 95½; 12 per Cent., 95½; 13 per Cent., 95½; 14 per Cent., 95½; 15 per Cent., 95½; 16 per Cent., 95½; 17 per Cent., 95½; 18 per Cent., 95½; 19 per Cent., 95½; 20 per Cent., 95½; 21 per Cent., 95½; 22 per Cent., 95½; 23 per Cent., 95½; 24 per Cent., 95½; 25 per Cent., 95½; 26 per Cent., 95½; 27 per Cent., 95½; 28 per Cent., 95½; 29 per Cent., 95½; 30 per Cent., 95½; 31 per Cent., 95½; 32 per Cent., 95½; 33 per Cent., 95½; 34 per Cent., 95½; 35 per Cent., 95½; 36 per Cent., 95½; 37 per Cent., 95½; 38 per Cent., 95½; 39 per Cent., 95½; 40 per Cent., 95½; 41 per Cent., 95½; 42 per Cent., 95½; 43 per Cent., 95½; 44 per Cent., 95½; 45 per Cent., 95½; 46 per Cent., 95½; 47 per Cent., 95½; 48 per Cent., 95½; 49 per Cent., 95½; 50 per Cent., 95½; 51 per Cent., 95½; 52 per Cent., 95½; 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and first," said the thwarted assassin, rendered mad and infuriated by his com-



"HE DASHED AFTER HER WITH THE KNIFE IN HIS HAND."—See page 18.

sciousness that the game was up. "Take that!" and springing forward he aimed a murderous stab at Tom's heart. But he had to do with no novice. Quick as lightning Tom caught the descending wrist with his strong right arm, and drove the blow of his hand, hit him in the face with his left, closed, and wrenched the weapon from his hand. Nor could he refrain from administering some thumping blows to his antagonist even when the issue of the fight was past all doubt. Then he took Louis, more than alive, in his arms, lifted her on his shoulders, sprang on himself, and forced the horse, which rather rebelled against this treatment, to travel homeward, and in a few hours Louis was under the care of his motherly old housekeeper. After they were about two miles over the moor he stopped a moment, for it seemed as though the wind carried a sound with it like the distant report of firearms. Nor was this merely a fancy on his part. No sooner were they gone than Captain Hay went to the gunroom, where he always kept a fowling-piece, loaded it, and escaped the shame of exposure in a manner favoured by many a coward before him.

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#### MISTLETOE SUPERSTITIONS.

It is popularly supposed that the mistletoe grows exclusively on the oak tree, but this is a mistake, as it is found on all trees with very rare instances, while it grows with great profusion on the oak, the pear, the hawthorn, and also on spruce, limes, poplars, locust trees, and firs. In some portions of the south of England it is very abundant, and its evergreen leaves give a peculiar appearance to the orchards in winter, when the bushes of mistletoe are very conspicuous among the bare branches of the trees. As one of the mistletoes was held in great repute as a remedial agent for epilepsy and convulsions, but in truth it possesses no decided medicinal properties. There is a superstition connected with the mistletoe that it is unlucky to fell an oak on which it grows, and the author of "Magna Britannia," who wrote of the oak tree of the archbishop of the Hundred of Crayland, said to have consisted wholly of oaks, and among them was one that bore mistletoe, which some persons were so hardy as to cut down for the gain of selling it to the apothecaries of London, leaving a branch of it to sprout out; but they proved mistaken, and the oak fell then, and the mistletoe was lost. At length, in the year 1783, a certain man, notwithstanding he was warned against it upon account of what the others had suffered, ventured to cut the tree down, and he soon after broke his leg. To tell oaks had long been considered fatal, and such as believe it produce a number of curious errors. One oak, for instance, having felled a certain grove of oaks, soon after found his countess dead in her bed suddenly; and his eldest son, Lord Maidstone, was presently killed by a cannon ball.

#### A PHOTOGRAPHIC RIFLE.

It is reported from Vienna that a notable invention of the "snap-shot" character has just been introduced to public notice. Consisted in a rifle of a miniature apparatus made of aluminium for taking photographs. Every time a shot is fired the apparatus closes automatically. When the photograph appears, one sees the object at which aim was taken in a circular picture. In the centre of this shot must have taken effect. Inimitable possibilities present themselves to our imagination if this invention is brought to this country. Not only will Bill Bluggins, the game-poacher, be inevitably convicted by the game-keeper of the noble Marquis of Carabass. In the local police court the case will be treated summarily after the photograph of the ruffian has been handed round among the magistrates. The camera cannot lie, like Bill Bluggins, who will then after content himself with adjectives applying to the photographic rifle. A shooting party, who have never before handled a gun, will be enabled to say that "he is sure to hit it, because he heard it drop." No, the voracious rifle camera will tell its own tale in the circular picture displays the branch of a tree. One use for this clever invention would be for the for it at shooting competitions, and a series of prize illustrations of the target when shooting for the Queen's Prize takes place at Bulsey would be decidedly novel.

#### Name an article of food that can be spelled without using one of the proper letters?

Knapby.

Why are ladies' eyes like persons' noses?

Separated in distant climes.—Because they correspond but never meet.

## BY ELECTRIC LIGHT: HIS ORUSOME EXPERIENCE.

BY  
A. T. CAMDEN PRATT.

It had been a long journey. Five of us had travelled from Brussels to Antwerp, crossed over to Harwich, and were going on to Manchester to spend Christmas. In accordance with an old-time custom now it is to do with no novice. Quick as lightning Tom caught the descending wrist with his strong right arm, and drove the blow of his hand, hit him in the face with his left, closed, and wrenched the weapon from his hand. Nor could he refrain from administering some thumping blows to his antagonist even when the issue of the fight was past all doubt. Then he took Louis, more than alive, in his arms, lifted her on his shoulders, sprang on himself, and forced the horse, which rather rebelled against this treatment, to travel homeward, and in a few hours Louis was under the care of his motherly old housekeeper. After they were about two miles over the moor he stopped a moment, for it seemed as though the wind carried a sound with it like the distant report of firearms. Nor was this merely a fancy on his part. No sooner were they gone than Captain Hay went to the gunroom, where he always kept a fowling-piece, loaded it, and escaped the shame of exposure in a manner favoured by many a coward before him.

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seemed to me afterwards, though at the moment I was too overwhelmed by visions of wealth untold to heed his manner.

"But you cannot cart electric light about with you?"

"Oh," I replied jauntily and with the air of superior genius which I found always owed a customer into submission, "purs is not the common electric light such as they use in streets. It is something far more powerful, so powerful that a single flash is sufficient, and there is no straining of the eyes. And, above all, completely portable, enough can be carried in the waistcoat pocket to take two or more photographs."

This seemed to stagger him, and noticing his look of incredulity I proceeded to expatiate on the wondrous properties of the new patent light until I got out of breath and ineffectual.

As he still looked a bit unbelieving, I suggested with that keen eye to immediate profit which always characterised me, that he should have his photograph taken on the spot and judge for himself.

"Please," he said, "but, much to my surprise, afterwards—for stupid-like I did not care much at the time, being accustomed, too, to people being taken in all kinds of grotesque ways—he refused to unwrap, and I had to take him just as he was."

Well, I need not tell you the process. We went out into the studio—I passed him, noticing that he seemed very uneasy when I had to go behind his back to adjust the head-rest and arrange the background. However, it went off very well. The "electric light" blazed up better than ever; and as I worked it by a concealed tap in a gas pipe, he was fairly taken by surprise.

Having exposed the plate, of course, I had to go into my dark room to develop it. Well, I had not been in there many minutes when I heard a bang as of a door, and was so startled that I dropped the plate into the sink. I really did feel unaccountably nervous. I had often thought my dark room looked ghastly with its glimmer of red light, its bottles, and its dark corners, given over to dust, dirt, and mice; but I never felt it until this night. My flesh was on a creep all over; my hands trembled so that the bottles I had to pour out of shook together with an ominous clink.

All of a sudden I broke out into a cold perspiration. There was some one behind me. I knew it. I could hear a beating heart—that was my own—I dare not look behind, but was sure of a ghastly presence. Yet I felt I must proceed, though two piercing eyes—that I could feel though could not see—watched my every movement. It was terrible, and I thought that plate would never be finished. As a matter of fact, however, it came up quickly and well, and at last was in the fixing bath.

Then I could have dropped, for immediately behind me—right in my ear—I heard the metallic but musical voice which I can hear now ringing in my ear, "How long will it be?" I have an appointment.

It was he. I had fumbled the door, but there he was, behind me, and had watched me. He picked up the bottles I had used, and questioned me about them. As though in a dream I told him—and, strange to say, I felt I could not tell him wrongly; though as a general rule I was a great romantic on these points to inquisitive customers.

Well, we went back into the studio, and there I could not help being alarmed, for I seemed past that—I found that, before following me into my dark room in the silent mysterious fashion which so upset me, he had thoroughly examined my "electric light" apparatus. The bag case with sound glass front, which served as a lamp, was open; the pans in which I burned my powders were all turned out, and I saw that he had turned off the gas on full; and I saw that he knew all.

As minutely as he had inquired into the process of development, so he inquired into the lighting; and before he went my patent process and confessed—the burning of a chemical compound—was a purpose, and he seemed satisfied, for he made the arrangements and paid a good deposit. I was to have everything ready by 9 o'clock on the following Wednesday, and I was to take certain photographs, not then specified, and I was to have 45 guineas.

I will not weary you by dwelling on the fears with which I was haunted and the curious effect the whole business had on my mind. At one moment I was bracing myself up with the mental assurance that, being a bit of my balance, my mind had become affected by trivial matters which at another time would not have had an effect. A man of something ghostly would return.

However, after a day or so the feeling passed away, and I congratulated myself on a good stroke of business. And so on the Wednesday night I was ready, with all my apparatus—a big tin of the "electric light" powder, a box of matches, and a big sheet of glass to soften the glare of the light, and the hour for departure had come near. I found myself laughing at my previous timidity; in fact, I got quite sprightly and light-hearted, and when the carriage drove up to the door, and my late visitor came in, looking, as it then seemed to me, anything but awe-inspiring, I had to go out into the studio and do a bit of a Highland fling to calm down my exuberant spirits.

Nothing particular occurred during the drive. It was a sloppy night, and I was clad to be under cover of a trucking with my heavy packages through the slush and mire.

Which way we went I never could remember. It was up one street and down another, through streets I had never seen, and squares with which I had not the remotest acquaintance.

One thing I remember is that we crossed the water, and struck me as rather singular, for the water could come so far to secure the services of a photographer. However, I explained to myself—for he said never a word, and I was not one to force my conversation on anyone, except in the way of business—he perhaps did not happen to stumble on anybody using the "electric light."

We got there at last. A dingy house in a dingy street. House and street with a deserted look in a region, apparently, that had once been fashionable, and which was now given up to boarding-houses and students. As the carriage—an elegant equipage, by the way—drove up, the door opened quietly, as though we were expected, and a man came to help me in with my apparatus and gold livery; but a man in a rough coat which was in striking contrast to his white, womanish hands. And as he passed under the lamp, I saw a pair of piercing eyes and a dark moustache, a saturnine and impenetrable face, such as was the exact counterpart of my companion's drawing face. One was before, the other behind; and I was left as at a little free agent as a prisoner passing from Black Maria to the dungeon's portal.

Still, I tried to shake off all fears; and when once inside the brilliant light, the cheerful look of the place, brightened me up considerably. We went upstairs to a large apartment; wine and sandwiches were brought to me, and I drank a glass of the former.

Then I was left to fix up my apparatus. I was still in the darkness as to who or what I was to photograph; but, taking it for granted that

I was to have a sitter, I arranged a small primitive chair as the most comfortable, in front of a handsome pair of curtains, and in a few minutes all was ready.

The two men had come in and looked at the last touches. Turning to the one from whom I had the order I asked who was to be the sitter. He did not reply, but giving a signal, the other drew aside the curtain, which I had looked upon as my background.

I was amazed. There, in a bed in an alcove, in the French fashion, lay a beautiful woman—the most beautiful woman I had ever seen—but instead of the ruddy glow of youth on her fair cheeks there was the ashy paleness of death. The bed-clothes were the faint hues, her luxuriant hair lay in golden profusion over a richly embroidered pillow with a coronet worked in the corner.

I gazed in amazement—yet not so much perhaps in amazement as in surprise, and surprise, too, at the beauty of the woman and the richness of the surroundings. For it was not the first time I had been called on to photograph a dead body. A large percentage of my customers had been friends or parents of dead persons of whom no photographs had been taken in their life time; but it had always been stated at the time of giving the instructions and duly considered amongst the extras.

Had I not quite a turn when, with my head under the velvet cloth, focusing, I saw the bed-clothing gradually and invisibly drawn down, and there, sticking in the breast, with blood trickling down and staining the sheet, was a dagger with a handle like a cross.

I jumped back in a moment and found that the clothes had been pulled down, not by an invisible agency, but by the professional lackey, who had pulled them from the bottom of the bed, whence he had not been intended to be in the picture. Turning from him to the other I found myself confronted by a revolver pointed towards me by my customer. He did not speak, but motioned to the corpse of the murdered girl and to my camera, signing me to proceed.

I was dumbfounded, as in a moment of inspiration I remembered that the room in which I had been called on to photograph was a room in which I had been called on to photograph a murdered girl.

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the room, and everybody and everything connected with it, I had to repeat my story of the consideration—over and over again; and Lord! my fortune was made from the day I gave my evidence at the inquest. Folks came in thousands to be taken by the "electric light." I doubled my prices—extras and all, engaged several assistants, did a roaring business, and sold out at a huge price before the sensation died out.

Yet I was a doomed man from that day—a doomed and a hunted man.

He glanced round with a look of apprehensive terror that made our flesh run cold, and leaning towards us he said, in an emotional voice:

"I saw him again!"











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## A PHANTOM WIFE.

BY WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

AUTHOR OF "GUILTY BONDS," "A MODERN HAFSOP," "ANNETTE," ETC.

## CHAPTER I.

The one romantic adventure of my

life was a singular experience, where

everything tended towards misfortune

and bore scarcely any resemblance to

reality.

Among the fashionable cosmopolitan

crowd that collected around the hand-

stand in front of the pretty little

Carnegie, at Ems, on a bright June

afternoon three years ago, one face

dazzled me by its radiant beauty.

The scene was charming; the air

redolent of the perfume of roses. The

lines of chairs under the fine old trees

were filled by a well-dressed throng of

idlers who had congregated to drink

the waters of the Kaiserquelle, and

who chattered in almost every

European language.

Such were the surroundings amid

which I first saw the consummate

beauty who fascinated me. Some

might consider me foolishly impres-

sionable, but it should be remembered

that I was a French subject, born in

Paris—where I had always lived—and

that the object of my admiration was

British.

I was seated at a small table in the

Carnegie, enjoying my coffee and

cigarette, when she passed. She was

alone, strolling rather listlessly. I

thought, towards the Wandenhain.

Inspite of a dash of Britannic rigidity,

her well-developed figure was a marvel

of elegance and grace. She was not

more than twenty, and her features,

one could easily realise the enthusiasm

and animation which lay behind the

noble face.

She glanced at me with a kindly

look, but it was only for a moment

that our eyes met, for as the faint

flush suffused her cheek she hid her

face behind the open sunshade and

continued her walk.

As Romeo forgot Rosaline when

Juliet burst upon his sight, so at this

glimpse of dazzling beauty, all my

former loves faded from my mind.

A new life commenced for me from

the day of that fatal meeting.

During a week I spent nearly the

whole of my time in the neighbourhood

of the Carnegie, hoping to see her again.

I went to the Kaiserquelle each morn-

ing, sat before the bandstand each

afternoon, and attended the ball each

evening; yet all my vigilance was un-

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rewarded; yet all my vigilance was un-

mistakenly feigned. It seemed as if

she had some heavy sorrow at heart;

but that she did not desire the con-

versation to drift towards it.

We had been walking in silence for

some minutes.

"You appear rather sad," I said

suddenly, looking into her eyes and

noticing signs of recent grief. "What

is your trouble?"

"Sad? Ah! yes," she replied with a

heavy sigh. Then, with an effort, she

overcame the emotion which was

taking possession of her, and added:

"But there, excuse me, I ought not

to have referred to it when I know

how every thought overwhelms me.

I—I shall better in a few moments."

We walked along in silence again,

when presently I remarked that she

had not told me her name. "I have

told you Violet Trevallion," she

replied. "It will do as well as any

other."

"You reside near here, I suppose,"

I said, as we were approaching the

gate leading to West Kensington.

"No, not near," she answered. "I

come here sometimes to spend an hour

and listen to the band."

"May I not call upon you?" I asked.

She seemed bent upon enveloping her-

self in mystery, and I was longing to

know more of her, for by no amount of

ingenious questioning could I elicit her

right name or any details regarding

her parents.

"Alas! no," she replied, with a

rather serious look. "We have been

acquainted for some time, but our

acquaintance must end here."

"End! I cried in dismay. "You

cannot mean that you refuse to see

me again! I shall never forget you."

I declared frankly. "My love is so

strong that I cannot speak of love,"

she said, putting up her tiny gloved

hand, as if to arrest my speech. "Remember

what I tell you. We may be friends,

but we must not love."

"What! Are you married?"

Sighing heavily she said, "No, not

yet. But then, after a moment's pause,

she added, "It is to your interest that

we should not love one another. You

will perhaps know that reason some day."

"You are unkind," I said, reproach-

fully.

"No, do not think of me," she im-

plored. "I am very unhappy. By this

time to-morrow may all be ended. I

may be dead."

"Dead!" I repeated in alarm.

"What do you mean? Why do you

speak so despondently?"

"A great danger threatens me. My

life is at stake," she answered me-

chanically.

"Cannot I assist you? If so, I am

ready to do whatever you command."

She shook her head sorrowfully

without replying.

We had by this time approached the

turnstile at the exit, and she glanced

quickly at the watch which hung upon

her chain.

"Seven o'clock," she exclaimed.

"I must return home at once."

"May I not accompany you part

of the distance?" I asked.

"No, please do not. For my sake

remain here. Do not follow me through

the barrier at the carriage is outside,

and there are reasons why I should

not be seen with you."

"Very well," I said; "but when

shall we meet again? Say to-morrow."

She hesitated, her face assuming a

thoughtful, puzzled expression, and

she glanced at the card I had given

her, which she was still holding in her

hand.

Well, it must be late in the evening.

Do you know Hyde Park?

"Yes, I've walked through it several

times."

"If you enter the Prince of Wales's

Gate, which is a little distance to the

right of the Albert Memorial, you will



tain hour. My informant urged me, as the only chance of escape, to marry a foreigner. If possible, he recommended the English Naturalization Law and the French Civil Code both enacted that a woman marrying a Frenchman became French through the sole fact of her marriage. Therefore, when I married I should immediately become a French subject, and as mine would be a pre-nuptial political offence, I could claim the protection of the Republic and thus delay my arrest. Marriage was the only means by which to avoid the terrible scandal and gain time for escape. I was in desperation, and had resolved to take my own life rather than be the cause of my family's disgrace.

"You contemplated suicide? Impossible!"

"Yes. It was then that, with my fiancé, Hugh, I concocted a plot by which I could extricate myself. My father, who was in the diplomatic service, had gone to Berlin, and I, married, stricken by a recent grief, kept her room. When we had completed our arrangements I went forth to seek some one to aid me, and met you."

"This Hugh," was he your messenger?"

"Yes. I obtained a special marriage license, and by arrangement with the registrar, a friend of Hugh's, we planned that the marriage should be performed at the time the arrest was to take place. The scene was enacted without a hitch. You came to our house at Prince's Gate with but little persuasion, and the detectives arrived just as the formula was ended. When the officers were shown the documents and the registrar which you and I had signed, they were nonplussed. They retired to consult with their chief, not knowing how to act; but in the meantime another event occurred, which successfully frustrated our scheme. I fled, and thus the scandal was averted."

"You died! What do you mean?"

"I lost my personality. You see we were compelled to practice a ruse upon you, for your own sake. You and I were not married."

"Not married?" I repeated.

"No. You were wedded to a half-sister, Edith, who was about two years older than myself, and who had died of consumption on the previous day. She was taller than I, but our features were very similar, and when we were dressed alike and seated it puzzled most people to distinguish between us."

"Then my marriage was a mock one, after all?"

"Of course it was," she replied laughing. "How could you marry a dead body? Fortunately," she added, "the detectives did not approach the bride very closely, and the room was only illuminated by candles. The officers were inquired the secretary that I was very ill—which accounted for my reclining during the ceremony—and on the following day news was given forth that I was dead. Hence my tomb in Brompton Cemetery, while the wreath with your card upon it serves to maintain the deception. I have taken my dead sister's name, and she has mine."

"But why did you not explain all this before?" I asked, amazed at the almost incredible story.

"I lost your address, and since the day following your marriage I have been living in seclusion in a little village in Belgium, whither Hugh followed and married me. We seldom come to London; it is too great a risk. By mere chance I recognised you this afternoon in Earl's Court-road and followed you in order to obtain forgiveness. Will you grant it?" she asked, with a winning smile.

"I do, quite freely," I replied, joyous at the thought that no impediment existed to preclude my marriage with Louisa.

"Then come with me and receive the thanks of my husband, who always says I owe my life to you."

"And, nothing loth, I rose and accompanied my Phantom Wife."

## A NEW STORY OF ARTEMUS WARD.

Mr. William Ward, the dramatic critic of the New York Tribune, tells a story of Artemus Ward which is now. He says that one evening he and Artemus had been attending a gathering of literary friends, and about 3 o'clock in the morning they started down Broadway on their way home. When they reached the old dome, now demolished, Artemus insisted upon entering. They found a solitary night clerk there, who was barely able to awake sufficiently to receive them.

Ward said, "Is this the Jones House?" and he said it very solemnly, and when the clerk informed him that it was, Ward straightened himself up and assuming a manner of grave importance and mystery, said:

"First of all I want a bottle of gin. Can it be negotiated?"

The clerk produced it, and then Ward, still maintaining his manner of heavy mystery, said to the clerk: "Is the proprietor in?" "Yes, he is in," replied the clerk. "It is very important that I see him," continued Ward; "in fact, of the utmost importance."

So the clerk went off to arouse the proprietor, who some minutes later came down in his night shirt, pair of trousers, and slippers over his stockinged feet. He handed, and then, with the manner of great mystery, led the astonished Jones to a corner, and bending to his ear, said in tones which would have done Edwin Forrest credit, "Sir, I have called to impress upon you the sublime and awful fact that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. Let your words sink deep into your heart, sir."

Jones seemed overcome with astonishment so that he was not angry, and then Winter and Ward walked out of the hotel arm in arm. Just as they reached the sidewalk Ward turned back and handed Jones his card. Years after, when Mr. Winter happened to be at Jones's place, he saw the card frame and hung up conspicuously in the office.

Who are the best partners at cards?—A chimney sweep and a baker; one can follow stock, and the other can trumpet.

Why are two boys tormenting a dog like butter?—Because there's two 't in it (two teasing it).

Why is a wet umbrella like the fat from roast meat?—Because it's dripping.

What kind of a face should an auctioneer have?—One that is for-bidding.

What was Joan of Arc made of?—Maid of Orleans.

## CHRISTMAS PIE.

A little boy refusing to take a pill, his mother placed it in a bit of pear. In a few minutes she said, "Tommy, have you eaten all your pear?" "Yes, ma, all but the pill."

"Papa," queried Little Dick after looking at a picture of a skeleton, "how did this man manage to keep in his dinner?"

Dentist's sign: Drawing, music, and dancing.

Working in a coal pit is labour in vain.

Chaos: A large heap of nothing with nowhere to put it in.

They that govern must make least noise. You see that they row in a boat that they do the work and the pull and sweat, but he that governs sits quietly in the stern and does not seem to stir.

By your leaf," as the caterpillar said when he dined off the cauliflower. When one's appetite comes home and tells us of an increase in his salary we can almost feel the glow of the son's rancor.

Blushing: A practice least used by those having most occasion for it.

Instinct: A cat having lost her kittens followed a wretched man.

TITLED PRAYERS.

In a country parish the wife of the local squire came to be christened. The person, aiming to be courtly, and thinking plain "woman" too vulgar, instead of saying, "Oh, Lord! save this woman," said, "Oh, Lord! save this lady." The clerk, resolving not to be outdone in politeness, answered, "Who put her ladyship's trust in thee?"

SHE KNEW.

Hello, Brown! I hear you have new typewriter. Is she good-looking? Good-looking, man alive! No! My wife selected her.

Why, how was that?

"Well, you see, she was a typewriter before I married her."

NURSERY RHYME.

Fell in love with a pastry cake, And she said, with a smile, "His heart I'll beguile, And wed him by hulk or by crugue."

SO SHY.

A clergyman called on a poor parishioner, who found bitterly lamenting the loss of an only son, boy of four. In the hope of consoling the afflicted woman, he remarked to her that one so young could not have committed any grievous sin, and that no doubt the boy had gone to heaven.

"Ah, sir," said the simple-minded creature, "but Tommy was so shy—and they are all strangers there."

WOULD NOT HAVE TO PAY THE BILL.

Sally, sometimes just about as hot as the sun, it would save a lot of worry; and I should never be bothered with bills from the grocer, the butcher, or coal dealer.

Brown: Especially the coal dealer.

QUITE FORGOT THAT.

Mr. Brown: A nice fool you made of yourself.

Mrs. Brown: How?

Why, telling Mrs. Robinson that her baby looked just about as if it was dead.

Well, what harm was there in that? Oh, nothing, except that they start as missionaries in the Cannibal Islands next week.

THE HIGHEST ENJOYMENT.

"Why do you not eat your apple, Tommy?"

"I'm waitin' till Johnny Briggs comes along. Apples taste lots better when there's some other kid to watch you eat 'em."

GRUFF FARMER (at box-office of theatre): When does this play-actin' begin?—Box-office Clerk: At eight in the evening, sir.—Gruff Farmer: Well, give me a ticket.—Box-office Clerk: Have an orchestra stall, sir?—Gruff Farmer: What! I ain't goin' to drive my horse in!

WHY THEY FAIL.

"I understand, Mr. Amateur Flutist, that your ramnaking exhibitions have failed."

"A mistake, sir, they have simply, like many other exhibitions, been postponed on account of the weather."

HOUSEKEEPER: How long did you remain in your last place?

Applicant: Sure, I left in wain day. There was no plavin' the ledgy at all at all.

Whimsical was she?

Include was that. The night she condescended to be boiled in the bath, she was very much annoyed because I did not boil the coffee. Then I left.

REMARKING IT GENTLY.

Farmer Jan was walking sadly down the road one day in Holstein when the village pastor met him.

Why so sad, Farmer Jan?" said the pastor.

"Ah, I have a very sad errand, pastor," replied Jan.

"What is it?"

"Father Henrik's cow is dead in my pasture, and I am on my way to tell him."

A hard task, Jan."

"Indeed it is, pastor, but I shall break it to him gently."

"How will you do that?"

"I shall tell him first that it is his mother who is dead, and then, having opened the way for the sadder news still, I shall tell him it is not his mother, but the cow."

WATER FATAL.

I trust, Robert, as you grow up you'll show yourself on the side of morality.

Why, aunt, water's killed more folks 'n liquor ever thought of doing.

I'm ashamed of you, Robert! Can you think of one instance in which water has caused death?

Well, what's the matter with the flood?

AN INQUIRING MIND.

"Who's that lady dressed in black, mamma?" asked Bobby.

That's a sister of charity, my boy.

Bobby (after thinking a minute): Which sister? Faith or Hope.

NOT GIVING UP.

An examination at a board school's Inspector: In which of his battles was Gustavus Adolphus killed?

Pupil (after reflection): I think it was in his last.

SON OF A BANKER.

"What's the matter, sonny?" asked a kindly-faced gentleman to a street urchin. "You must be very poor to wear such shoes as those this kind of weather. Have you a father?"

Well, I should say I have.

What is he?

He's a banker.

A banker!

Yes, sir, he's the feller as piled the snow up this 'ere side walk.

TOBACCONIST: Yes, I want a boy. Have you any experience?

Boy: Lots.

Well, how do you tell good cigars from bad ones?

Easy 'nough. How?

The worst cigars is in the boxes wot's got the purtiest pictures.

Old lady: I hope, my boy, you don't sell papers on a Sunday.

Small Newsboy (sadly): No mum, I ain't big enough to carry a Sunday edition yet.

WHAP DID HE SAY?

Johnnie! Johnnie!

What, ma?

March off into the house, I thought I told you not to play with that bad boy.

I wasn't playing with him, ma. I knocked an eye out of him.

A BIT OF BOTTL.

Sunday School Teacher: Now, my boy, when the great day comes, shall we find you with the sheep or the goats?

Small Boy: Bless it, I know, Ma, she says I'm her little lamb. Pa calls me the kid, so I guess I'll have to give it up.

GOLD OF THAT.

Sick child: If I die and go to heaven shall I have wings?

Yes, my dear, and a crown and a harp.

Child: And candy?

Oh, no.

Well, I'm glad we've got a good doctor.

A GRAMMAR LESSON.

Teacher: Johnnie, what part of speech is nose?

Johnnie: Tain't onny.

Ab! but it must be.

Maybe you're a because you talk through it; but the only part of speech I've got is my mouth.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

"Marina," said an Arkansas husband to his other half, "have you any idee how many young 'uns we have?"

"Nigh on 'leven, I guess."

"And how many dogs air they 'round yere?"

"Most a dozen, I guess; there's Tige, an' Bruce, an' Growler, an' her four pups, an' the pound, an' the terrier, an' them other of Hank's that loaf 'round yere."

YASS: Seven children and only a dozen dogs, don't you think we have most too many children? Times is most tarnation hard, y'know. Say, can't we put out some of our chunkiest gals to work? I 'low that they could make enough in a spell fur us to buy another dog or two."

JUST AS YASS, Heckiah!

"Wal, I 'low if we could swap two of our young 'uns fur four dogs we'd be fixed. I guess that'll try it."

A PACIFIC CONFERENCE.

Among the savages of the Pacific Ocean, Jorjensen, in his account of the state of Christianity in Otaheite, speaks of Oro, King of Uteike, who came on board of the ship in which the missionary travelled. Putting on a sanctified face, he said, "Master, Christ very good; very fine fellow; me love him like my own brother; give me one glass brandy." His Majesty's desire, however, increased glass after glass, till at length he became noisy, and swore he would repeat all he had said if they did not give him more brandy. He was refused, and then, breaking into the most horrid imprecations, he jumped, swearing, overboard and swam to the shore.

SO SOFT AND LIGHT.

The idioms of the English language add not a little to its beauty and usefulness, but they are sometimes capable of an interpretation quite different from the one intended.

A lady famed for her skill in cooking was entertaining a number of friends at tea. Everything on the table was much admired, but the excellence of the sponge cake was especially the subject of remark.

"Oh," exclaimed one of the guests, "it is so beautifully soft and light. Do tell me where you got the recipe?"

"I am very glad," replied the hostess, "that you find it so soft and light. I made it out of my own head."

EATING-HOUSE COLLECTOR.

Dinner: Now, what's to be paid?

Waiter: Let me see, sir; what have you had?

Dinner: Three fish.

Waiter: Only brought you two, sir, I think.

Dinner: No, three! Two mackerel, and one snail!

DID HIS BEST.

"Well, Pat, my good fellow," said a victorious general to a brave son of Erin, after a battle, "and what did you do to help us gain this victory?"

"Do," replied Pat. "May it please your honour I walked up boldly to wun of the innny and cut off his fat."

"Cut off his fat! Why did you not cut off his head?"

"Ah, an' faith that was off already."

HE CAME HOME.

"If I'm not home from the party at ten o'clock to-night, don't wait for me, my dear," said a husband to his better and bigger half. "That I won't," she replied. "I won't wait, but I'll come for you."

AVOID QUOTATIONS.

Jones, looking at the skeleton of an ass which had been dug out of a sand pit, remarked, with the deepest humility, "Ah, we are fearful and wonderfully made."

A FRANK CONFESION.

At an examination of a bankrupt it was observed that he had kept a great number of banking accounts. I've," said the solicitor, "you have had six or seven bankers; what did you want so many for?" "To overdraw them," replied the candid debtor.

HEAR THE OTHER SIDE.

"My dear, look down below," said Dickson to his spouse on Waterloo Bridge. "such is life—the tug is like the man, working and toiling, while the barges, like women, are—"

"I know," interrupted Mrs. D., "the tug does all the blowing and the barges bear all the burden."

CHANGE OF PROGRAMME.

Confidential friend (to elderly but not unattractive spinster): So you have given up advocating women's rights?

Yes, I am now going in for women's letters.

Women's letters?

Yes—widowers!

TO BE CONTINUED.

"What are you crying about?" asked a kind-hearted stranger of a lad who was standing in front of a newspaper office weeping as if his heart would break.

"Oh, dad's gone upstairs to lick the editor."

"Well, hasn't he come down yet?"

"Peace of him have," exclaimed the boy, in a fresh burst of tears, "and I'm expecting the rest every minute."

WIFE OF AUTHOR: It's very plain, William, why your contributions to the Moon have all been returned.

Author (eagerly): Why is it?

Wife: Because you've always enclosed stamps. Haven't you read the notice on the editorial page which says that no MSS. are returned unless stamps are enclosed?

ADJECTIVE ON IMPROVED.

Judge: Prisoner, you are accused of entering this lady's shop, taking therefrom a bundle of cigars, and leaving without paying for them.

Prisoner: I did not know the price. You could have asked.

I did not like to, your worship, I am so bashful before ladies.

I told you not to play with that bad boy.

Jones: I should like to give my wife a present, but I don't want it to cost much.

Brown: Then you should do as I do. Early every year I secrete a piece of jewellery belonging to my wife. A search is made, but of course it is not found. How great her joy and surprise to have a new one of the same pattern, for I always have it polished up at the jeweller's.

LICKING IT INTO SHAPE.

Lady Scribbler (to editor): I see, Mr. Shears, you published my article?

Mr. Shears: Yes, we used it, but we had to cut it down good deal. We had the boy who runs the adjective killer at work on it nearly all day.

THAT WAS WHY.

Jinks (at a party) to new arrival: I can't imagine what's come to that pretty woman over there. She was awfully fiery a little while ago; now she won't look at me.

New Arrival: None of my wife!

MRS. JONES (returning from taking the baby for a walk): My dear, I have good news for you. Baby has begun to talk.

Proud father: Oh, what did he say?

We were in the monkey house, when he suddenly exclaimed, "Papa, papa."

Little Johnnie (being asked about his sister's lover): How old is he?

Don't know.

But you can say if he's young.

I think he must be; he's got no hair yet.

NOT IN IT.

French teacher select class of young ladies: Please give me the meaning of "passe" and "detrop."

Vivacious Miss (who has studied French before): "Passe" is "out of it," and "detrop" is "not in it."

HAD HIM THERE.

Mr. Keenwit: I say, Charlie, I saw those two fellows playing together the whole of yesterday evening, and when they had finished they were both a sovereign richer.

Charlie: Who are you trying to get at?

Mr. Keenwit: Fact, I assure you: one played the fiddle, the other the cornet, at the theatre.

STONEY: I don't know how I can possibly manage. I must have ten pounds to pay a man to-day.

Pebble: Oh, give him five in cash, and promise him the rest.

Stoney: Yes, that would work all right, but I can only pay him the rest.

SEPTUAGINT.

Bessie: I am going to marry Jones. I'm so delighted.

Bessie: Dear girl!

Jennie: Yes, he was bothering the life out of me to marry him.

TO MARRY THE MACHINE.

Policeman: Come, my young woman, you must not loiter here after the audience has gone.

Y. W. (blushing): Oh, if you please. I'm the young woman that's engaged to the automaton chess player, and I'm waiting for him to take me home!

HE WAS USED TO IT.

Mrs. De Trop: I think, Mr. De Trop, your sarcasm on our long-necked bird, dressed in a tailed frock. You own brother, the captain, is much more liberal in his views.

Mr. De Trop: Yes, but he's only just returned from Samoa.

PROPER PRECAUTION.

Mrs. Younghouse: Now, John, dinner's ready. I've cooked it all myself.

Y. Y. (all of it)?

Mr. Y. (grudgingly): Yes.

Mr. Y. (resigningly): Well, I'm coming. John, go for the doctor.

COULD NOT DO IT.

A drunken man having just been taken to the station, a bystander asked the prisoner's friend why he did not bail him out.

"Gale him out? Why, man alive, you could not pump him out!"

CAT OF HIS FOOT! Why did you not cut off his head?

"Ah, an' faith that was off already."

HE CAME HOME.

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A WOMAN IN WANT.

JOHN C. CHUTE.

The noise, the bustle, and the whirl were great on this spring evening. Anytime, Glasgow, to my remembrance, never seemed so thronged and difficult of passage as on the night when I struggled by the big human current surging in various directions through the main artery of the great Scotch city.

I was dexterously evading cabs, dodging carts, and discreetly disregarding the importunities of the clamorous newboys, as the woman passed me.

Was it the troubled expression of face—the rapid, anxious, restless eye—which seemed to



devours with hungry eagerness each countenance it met; or the neat but respectful admission of conscious poverty her apparel and manner conveyed; or all these, that arrested my attention?

I was struck by the woman's appearance, and looked after her.

Something in my manner must have excited her attention, for she stopped also, and our eyes met.

What beautifully brilliant orbs Nature had given her! What volumes of expression seemed unconsciously to gush from them as they timidly encountered my gaze. I felt irresistibly drawn to the woman as by a magnet, and must have shown my admiration, for, with a momentary flush and slight constriction of the throat, she turned and slowly continued her course down the street.

"That woman is in want," I said; "possibly without a meal or the price of a bed to-night."

"Every great city supplies a contingent of respectable, decent want, and this poor wail may be Glasgow's instalment to the world's sum of human misery." As I thought thus, I stood mutely looking after her fast-receding figure.

Whilst mentally debating the woman's position, I was recalled by frequent collisions to the fact that I was impeding the crowded pathway; so, partly in self-defence, and partly from strongly aroused curiosity, I followed her footsteps.

I shortly came up to her, leaning apparently for support, against the closed shutters of one of the handsome shops that give so distinct a character to the neighbourhood.

The street lamp defined accurately her spare figure and scanty wardrobe, and by its rays I guessed her to be about 24 years of age. Her face, by no means handsome, had that inexpressible charm which subdues suffering humanity to woman, and was lit up by the luminous eyes that looked appealingly to the numerous faces that indifferently hurried onwards.

Being satisfied the woman was not a vulgar beggar, in want, I awkwardly approached, and in a brusque but embarrassed manner, commenced interrogating her.

At first my Anglo-Saxon ear failed to grasp her replies, I discovered she was intensely Scotch, and often confusingly so.

Her story, when understood, was neither new nor inspiring.

"She was alone in Glasgow, without a friend, or even bread."

"Yes, she had a lodging, but was afraid to return to it."

"Why? The rent was overdue, and the landlord was grasping. She came out to avoid being dunned and insulted."

"Had been looking fruitlessly for work—was out daily."

"What was her trade?" "A weaver."

"Dumfries was her home when she had one, but she had disgraced good religious parents, and left it with her shame."

"No, she did not leave alone, but her lover, as soon as the trouble came, deserted her."

"Thank God the child was dead. She gave a suppressed sob that seemed to die in her throat, and then added with a timid glance:

"All she wanted was work. Would I help her to it?"

This was her story. I informed her being a stranger, I could not help her to work, but if she had told me the truth I could enable her to face her harsh landlord with her rent.

This promise brought from her hurried and voluble protestations of veracity.

"Would I save her from walking the streets all night? A few shillings would do it; but she added, with something like pride, 'I must refuse them if you don't choose to believe my story.'"

Reading hesitation in my face, she hastily added, "Would I judge for myself? Her lodging was only on the other side the Tron-gate. Would I cross the road and see?"

Her strong and earnest appeal, her apparent sincerity, and the respectable and public position of the lodging named, all silenced the scruples of prudence as first suggested, and, nodding consent, I followed her across the crowded thoroughfare, and we proceeded down the busy Tron-gate.

Our route lay through the crowded public street, lit by numerous lamps, and rendered difficult of access by the incessant flow of passengers and public vehicles, until we reached the statue of William III.

My guide then abruptly turned down an archway on the left, which led into a broad paved court, forming, as I vainly imagined, the back premises of the magnificent shops of the main thoroughfare.

A solitary lamp at the lower end of this court revealed a long row of substantially-built houses, handsomely constructed on the Scotch system of "flats," and my conductress passed down and stopped at a door at the lower end of the range of buildings.

Not a soul was about, and the silence of the court struck me after the noise and bustle of the adjoining street.

A solitude so marked instantly impressed me.

This feeling was increased on my arrival at the door by finding the staircase in total darkness.

The sudden gloom impressed, nay, almost startled me, and I hung back.

that she would easily guide me, the steps were no broad and regular.

With an assuring manner, she extended her hand to conduct me.

Ashamed of showing any uneasiness in the presence of a woman so weak and dependent, I took her proffered hand and we proceeded to mount the stairs.

The darkness was so intense that our progress was slow, but I soon discovered that it was the usual stone staircase of Scotch houses; yet was not more assured when I learned that our destination was the top story.

The darkness seemed to increase as we ascended; and the indistinctness of this venturing into unknown places at night, with an entire stranger, unpleasantly occurred to me as we groped with difficulty our way along.

An open door, a blazing fire, and a bright light greeted us on arrival at the top landing, and a short narrow corridor conducted us into a clean and comfortable kitchen, lit by an oil lamp placed before a tin reflector, by the light of which an elderly woman of benevolent aspect was reading near the fire. The book was the Bible.

The old lady closed her book, jumped up, and offered me her seat, as my distressed guide ran forward and addressed her as "Granny," stating "She had brought a gentleman to see her."

The old woman "fussily" made me welcome, insisted on my occupying her seat by the fire, and repeatedly addressed the girl as her "bonny birdie," blessing her for bringing the kind gentleman to her house.

This affectionate greeting from a landlady who had been described as "hard and grasping" surprised me, and I turned a troubled and inquiring glance at the girl.

I was pained to find the beseeching expression of eye, the humble, dejected, and even abject manner of the street, replaced by a confident smile, or rather, bold engaging smirk, that from their abrupt transition destroyed the confidence they clumsily were intended to impart.

An uneasy impression of being misled crept over me.

The girl had evidently lied to me in the street. She was in no danger of either being "battered or insulted" by the motherly woman who held the place of landlady, I clearly saw.

Neither was she afraid of her. The possible measure of her deception now began uncomfortably to exercise my thoughts.

My suspicions grew stronger when the old woman deplored "She had not a drop of whisky in the house to offer me;" and the young one blandly proposed I should send for some.

"We'll all be better for your treat," she said, with a suggestive look, accompanied by a grin, and supplemented with a wink that unmistakably betrayed her character and calling. Now the truth came on me with a flash.

I felt angry and humiliated that I had allowed myself to be so easily duped by an artful story and a natural manner.

The only salve to my wounded vanity was the cleverly sustained hypocrisy by which she had imposed on my eye and ear, and baffled what I was vain enough to believe a moderately critical intelligence.

I now resolved to bring my visit quickly to a close.

"I am glad to find, young woman, you are not so badly off as you stated," I observed, in a hurt tone.

When I came here I was afraid it was only whisky. There."

I threw a half-crown upon the table, and moved towards the door.

Quicker than my movements were those of the young woman, who playfully intercepted my passage, dexterously placing her back against the door and laughingly protesting that "granny" was too proud to touch the liquor unless I supplied with her."

This assertion the old woman sustained, and both now coaxingly assailed me.

They held me persuasively by the arms, and by various feminine devices gently sought to change my resolution.

Their efforts were vain, my hurt vanity could not pardon the indignity of being outwitted.

Flaming their exertions useless, with a show of offended pride, they suddenly opened the door, observing with unmistakable contempt, "Go! as I was evidently afraid of two poor women," with a sardonic and derisive laugh they returned to the fireplace together.

This open doubt of my courage stung me, and urged by vanity, but against my common sense, I returned and again occupied my seat on the comfortable hearth.

The young woman with alacrity now seized the half-crown and hurried out for the whisky.

During her brief absence the elderly female talked unceasingly, evidently with a view of occupying my attention, giving me a wearisome long account of her former business connections and family property, sedulously striving to impress me with her respectability.

The return of the girl put an end to her statements.

"I could get none," she exclaimed, throwing the half-crown upon the table, "the public are all closed."

As it was then about half-past 9 o'clock, this assertion of the girl brought back the suspicious and motherly manner of the elderly female had partially allayed.

"Had she been for the whisky at all?" I mentally asked myself.

I glanced at her face and thought I discerned a strange meaning in the look she gave the old woman.

This strengthened my resolution to get away at once. Making excuse I hurriedly reached the handle of the door, when the young woman's voice stopped me.

"You can't find the stair without a light; wait and I'll go with you, sir."

I paused to see her light a candle at the fire, then courteously wishing the old lady "Good night," I opened the door and found myself face to face with three men.

Without a word they threw themselves upon me, seizing me roughly by the arms;

my head painfully bruised by the concussion.

I felt myself held as in a vice and my arms and body plastered against the wainscot like a spread-eagle.

All was painfully clear now. There was no time for regret and very little for thought.

The centre man, who held me by the throat, significantly told me, "it would be safer to keep quiet," advice I prudently followed, until the deceitful jade who decoyed me into this den came forward to receive from the man, who was searching me, my pocket-book.

Then recumbent was not to be denied expression, and I volubly denounced her perversity, but my reproaches had little effect on her action, which was prompt enough.

I watched her and the motherly woman of benevolent aspect examine every scrap of paper in my pocket-book, carefully returning all written documents, but keeping the money they found.

As I had entered this den with over £20 in notes, the haul was a good one.

As soon as an exhaustive search showed there was no more money left, the elderly woman advanced and scrupulously returned the pocket-book, observing impressively, "That I should find all my papers correct, and begging me to remember that I had lost nothing in her house," with which lying assertion she and the woman with the beseeching eyes and plaintive voice hurriedly left the room, the latter carefully avoiding my reproachful glance as she slunk by me.

My recollection of the scene was not to be forgotten, and I was able to chronicle it in our brief acquaintance.

No sooner had the woman got off with the money than the men forced me into a side room with such unexpected violence, as to send me sprawling on the floor, significantly hinting "that it depended on myself if I came to harm."

Then, suddenly closing the door, they withdrew, leaving me alone with my thoughts for company.

How irritating and galling they were! I recalled my folly may well be imagined. Running rapidly over the occurrences of the night, I bewailed my loss, cursed my stupidity, and bitterly inveighed against the deceit of the sympathetic Jemima who had entrapped me—all done with exasperating, but unavailing, iteration.

But mingled with these senseless regrets came a roused resolution and a burning anxiety to regain my pilfered notes.

I knew my only chance was to catch the girl before she had time to part with or change the money, but, being a prisoner, this was impossible.

Should I try to break out?

Would the three men waiting outside let me pass? Reason said, not without a fight.

I reviewed hurriedly my position. I was an Englishman, a stranger in Glasgow. No one would miss, or, if so, take the trouble to inquire after me.

Supposing I put these men in peril of arrest, how far would their care for themselves carry them?

That they would rob, I knew. Might they go further if tempted by personal danger? The questions were easier asked than answered.

Still the ever recurring and stronger thought was: Could I not, if free, regain my money?

This feeling at length became too powerful for caution, and bracing my nerves for the worst, I resolutely tucked at the handle of the door, and ultimately forced my way into the kitchen.

All was still. The fire was burning brightly, the kettle boiling on the hob, and the clear lamp reflecting the orderly arranged dishes on the dresser showed not a human being was present.

I listened, but could distinguish no sounds but the regular ticking of the clock, and, as it appeared to me, the equally audible beating of my own heart.

Doubtless waiting in ambush for me somewhere. I looked at the door, it was partially open. Was this a lure? Should I face the mysterious darkness of that silent corridor?

The grim uncertainty at the other end affected me, and I anxiously looked round for some weapon of defence. After a moment's hesitation, I lighted a candle, seized a short round poker, and rushed desperately along the corridor.

I reached safely the top of the staircase, when a man sprang out of the gloom, seizing my left arm, and by so doing extinguished my lighted candle.

We grappled in the dark, and as my right hand, which held the poker, was free, I felt I could have brained him.

For a moment homicidal thoughts were supreme, but prudence quickly whispered the danger of beginning battering in skulls when I was doubtfully opposed to odds.

Momentarily expecting a crushing blow from behind, I struggled with my opponent back into the illuminated kitchen.

The light revealed that I had but one antagonist, and the half-diverted, angry homicidal thoughts came back quickly at the door. We glared at each other.

My assailant was evidently satisfied with the plunder, for he hurriedly told me, in an assuring tone, "That if I gave up the poker I could leave the house safely."

I hesitated, but I did not believe him, that I had already been robbed and assaulted in the place, and that I would not trust myself on those stairs again without a light and a weapon.

But my poker belongs to the poor old lady," urged my felonious opponent indignantly, "and I'll not see her wronged of it."

This sudden respect for the sacred rights of property, coming from a rascal who had just helped to rob me, sounded so absurdly that at a moment's thought I could have caused me. But the time, the place, and the circumstances were too grave to admit of levity.

"I will not face those stairs in the dark," I exclaimed doggedly.

"Well, take this," replied the fellow quickly rolling up a newspaper in the shape of a torch, and lighting it at the fire.

Armed with this frail flambeau, and seizing a small iron candlestick to use as a weapon if again assailed, I rushed madly at the dangerous staircase, leaping almost from landing to landing, and without further molestation found myself in the paved yard below.

To give a sigh of relief, rush into the busy, noisy Tron-gate, and return with a policeman, when I happily found, were the work of a few minutes.

But the cautious guardian of the night passed when he came to the door of entrance.

"Is it here you have been?" inquired he in apparent surprise. "Hey, man, this is as bad a den as any in the city."

As I tripped up the stairs before him he continued.

"Ye are not hurt, I see. Ye may be grateful, young man; not three months since a commercial fellow from Birmingham was pitched through the window above on to my pavement below. He lingered for days, but never spoke, and died in the hospital."

As he finished this cheering intelligence, we arrived at the top landing and in view of the door.

"Well," I replied with savage satisfaction, pointing at the light under the closed door, "We've got some of the scoundrels anyhow, for they are in there, trapped."

The policeman eyed the door uneasily and paused.

"I doubt ye are right," said he, "but it's

not safe to venture into that room without more force; better fetch the inspector."

"And in the meantime they'll make off," I replied angrily.

"Well, do ye take my lantern and watch and they'll no get away," rejoined the cautious but fast-hearted bobby, harrying downstairs for help.

"Thank God, they have not had time to do that," I rejoined, as I took my stand before the dangerous portal.

So, armed with the bull's-eye and the iron candlestick for a weapon, I stood sentry in that silent, dismal passage, eyeing, not without apprehension, the steady twinkle of light visible through the keyhole and under the doorway, and listening with ill-suppressed anxiety for the returning footsteps of the police.

Thus many minutes passed, and were passed by me in a feverish sense of peril.

I was satisfied, if the miscreants within were brought to bay, they would not wait to be arrested, they must have heard the departing heavy footsteps of the policeman, and my struggle with three men and two women could have had one ending.

So I listened with every nerve distended even to alarm, but no positive sound reached my excited senses, save the faint ticking of the clock in the inner room, which came like a feeble echo muffled by the oppressive stillness.

At length the police returned in force, and in imagination I felt my bank notes restored. Without any pause we knocked, we shouted, and then in a compact body we burst in the door, rushed in, and found nobody.

We searched rooms, closets, coal cellars, and even chests and beds; but, save the cat, which started up at our entry, not a living thing could be discerned. "Was soon clear all had escaped. I had been decoyed, entrapped, and indignantly robbed, and my only consolation was I had not been maimed badly, or possibly murdered."

With this dissatisfying conviction I was forced to be content, the officers requesting me to go to the head office and give to the inspector on night duty the full details of my loss for their future guidance.

This I did, but to little purpose. I had made no memorandum of the numbers of the notes, so the police could be neither advertised nor stopped, but to show their intelligence and zeal the police worried many innocent persons, sapiently locking up two poor women who were in gaol on the night of the robbery; but if not guilty of this act, they were disreputable, dirty, and drunk, and that was enough for the official mind.

I left Glasgow in a few days for a lengthened period, and never again saw the Woman in Want—who had tricked me.

Full of pleasant anticipation of their surprise at his Jack-in-the-box appearance, he awaited a favourable opportunity, and promptly hid himself in the chest.

Destiny influenced the young and numerous family of his brother William to make the passage their playground and the chest their seat. There they sat and enjoyed their refreshments.

Then the children shrieked out, "Look at Mr. Mills kissing Miss Maria; here's fun!"

"Ah! now I have you; so this is —"

"Hullo! good gracious! what's this?"

"Squire—The confusion and shame of Uncle Hugh, mixed with remorse at the number of bumps he had so suddenly manufactured, can be better imagined than described. Maria said she would never marry a bald-headed man, and, declaring she never knew he was a wig, ultimately married Joe Mills. As for the children, they were over afterwards chary of sitting on boxes, even after their suspicion so far as to decline the box seat of a coach.

Boy: Why does the earth move? Father: Because it's cheaper than paying rent.

I believe the Chelsea coach leaves this pier. Yes, I never knew it take it away.

That was a good story, was not it? Very good indeed, too, did not it? Yes, but I think my grandfather used to tell it better when he was young.

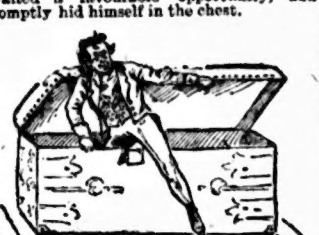
If the nobility of Europe (says the Chicago News) are going to marry all the American girls in this country the native American man is going to suffer. It is a strange sign of the leniency, mercy, and forgiving power of women that they will frequently marry into noble families without hesitation. Even the most charitable Yankees of the other sex find it quite impossible, and if they can't have American girls will die forlorn bachelors.

A CHRISTMAS BOX.

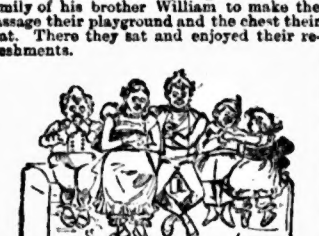
Uncle Hugh was very jealous, and wore a wig, and was fond of surprising people of whom he was suspicious. It was thus that the idea occurred to him that he would hide himself in the "old oak chest," situated conveniently near the mistletoe, to watch through the keyhole of the said chest and find out if the susceptible Maria (his fiancée) would let that cad, Joe Mills, kiss her.



Full of pleasant anticipation of their surprise at his Jack-in-the-box appearance, he awaited a favourable opportunity, and promptly hid himself in the chest.



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PEARS' SOAP.

TESTIMONIALS FROM THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

From Professor Sir FRANK WILSON, Professor of Dermatology, Royal College of Surgeons in England, in the "Journal of Cutaneous Medicine." "The use of a good soap is essential to preserve the skin in health, to maintain its complexion and tone, and prevent its falling into wrinkles. PEAR'S is a name engraven on the memory of the 'oldest inhabitants,' and 'Pear's' Transparent Soap is an article of the highest and most careful manufacture, and the most refreshing and agreeable of balms for the skin."

Dr. TILBURY FOX, late Physician to the Skin Department, University College Hospital, London. "PEAR'S SOAP is the best soap made—Tilbury Fox on the 'SKIN,' p. 20."

Mr. JOHN L. MILTON, Senior Surgeon, St. John's Hospital for the Skin, London. "From the 'Hygiene of the Skin.' 'From time to time I have tried many different soaps, and I have found after fifteen years' careful trial, none so beneficial to the skin as PEAR'S SOAP. It is a name engraven on the memory of the 'oldest inhabitants,' and 'Pear's' Transparent Soap is an article of the highest and most careful manufacture, and the most refreshing and agreeable of balms for the skin.'"

From "The Bath in Health and Disease," by the same Author. "PEAR'S SOAP is unrivalled for purity, and is really the most economical of soaps, as it contains scarcely any water, as the famous Atfield's analysis incontrovertibly demonstrates."

Dr. BARE MEADOWS, Physician to the National Institution for the Skin, London. "PEAR'S SOAP is, in my opinion, greatly superior to any other form of soap with which I am acquainted, and my best testimony to the fact is—always using it myself."

Mr. JAMES STARTIN, late Physician to St. John's Hospital for the Skin, London. "For many years I have had occasion to recommend and use PEAR'S SOAP in numerous cases, and I have found it perfectly free from those impurities so prejudicial to the skin found in most soaps."

Mr. JAMES STARTIN, Surgeon and Lecturer at St. John's Hospital for the Skin, London, successor to the late Mr. James Starling. "As to the Soap you should use, having made innumerable experiments with all the best known Toilet Soaps, both of English and Continental makers, my experience as regards PEAR'S SOAP endorses that of the late Mr. James Starling, Professor Emeritus of St. John's Hospital, and similar writers. I have invariably found it to be a healthy, and the most efficacious in health and disease, and hence I recommend it to patients in preference to all others."

H. P. PURDON, M.D., Physician to the Belfast Skin Hospital. "The best Soap I know is PEAR'S TRANSPARENT SOAP, and I recommend it to patients and friends."

REPORTS OF EMINENT ANALYSTS.

From Professor CHARLES A. CAMERON, M.D., F.R.C.S., S.S., Canada, U.S.A., Professor of Chemistry and Hygiene in the Royal College of Surgeons in England, and Medical Officer of Health and Analyst for Dublin. "I have analysed samples of PEAR'S SOAP, purchased myself in Dublin, I find it remarkably good—prepared from pure materials, combined in a pure and simple proportions, and free from 'Gum' and 'Gum' and from artificial coloring. It may safely be used upon the skin of the tenderest infant."

From STEVENSON MACADAM, Esq., Ph.D., Sc.D., Lecturer on Chemistry, Ferguson's Hall, Edinburgh. "I have made careful analysis of several batches of PEAR'S TRANSPARENT SOAP, which I obtained indiscriminately at different shops in Edinburgh, and I can certify to its being a pure and simple soap, free from admixture with any foreign substances, and practically devoid of resins. It combines detergent with emollient properties in a high degree, and it may therefore be used with great advantage for toilet and bath purposes, especially in the case of children and others whose skins are soft and delicate and liable to be affected by the impure and caustic nature of ordinary soaps."

TESTIMONY OF POPULAR FAVOURITES.

ADELINE PATTI writes: "I have found PEAR'S SOAP most useful for the hands and complexion."

Mrs. LANGTRY writes: "I have used PEAR'S SOAP for many years, and I can certify to its being a pure and simple soap, free from admixture with any foreign substances, and practically devoid of resins. It combines detergent with emollient properties in a high degree, and it may therefore be used with great advantage for toilet and bath purposes, especially in the case of children and others whose skins are soft and delicate and liable to be affected by the impure and caustic nature of ordinary soaps."

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